

Sherlock Holmes.

A SCANDAL IN BOHEMIA.

BY SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
Sherlock Holmes, the famous detective, is warned to expect a "scandal" in the morning. He is told that a woman named Irene Adler, who has been his friend, is about to be married, and that she has been hiding the photograph of him and a prima donna named Irene Adler, with whom he had been intimate. The woman has hidden the photograph and refused to part with it.

CHAPTER III.
The Royal Photograph.

"A very pretty problem," repeated Sherlock Holmes. "But a very serious one to me," returned the King, reproachfully.

"Very serious? And what does she propose to do with the photograph?"

"To ruin me."

"Hut how?"

"I am about to be married."

"So I have heard."

"To Clotilde Lotherman of Saxe-Meningen, second daughter of the King of Scandinavia. You may know the strict principles of her family. She is herself the very soul of duty. A shadow of a doubt as to my conduct would bring matter to an end."

"And Irene Adler?"

"Threatens to send them the photograph. And she will. I know that she will do it. You do not know her; she has a soul of steel. She has the face of the most beautiful of women and the mind of the most resolute of men. Rather than I should marry another woman there are lengths to which she would not go—none."

"You are sure that she has not sent it yet?"

"I am sure."

"And why?"

"Because she has said that she would send it on the day when the betrothal was publicly proclaimed. That will be next Monday."

"And for the present expenses?"

"The King took a heavy chamois leather bag from under his cloak and laid it on the table."

"And mademoiselle's address?" asked Holmes.

"In Briony Lodge, Serpentine Avenue, St. John's Wood."

Holmes took a note of it. "One other question," said he, thoughtfully. "Was this photograph a cabinet?"

"It was."

"Then, good-night, Your Majesty, and I trust that we shall soon have some good news for you. And good-night, Watson," he added, as the wheels of the royal brougham rolled down the street. "If you will be good enough to call on-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock I should like to chat this little matter over with you."

At 3 o'clock precisely Watson was at Baker Street, but Holmes had not yet returned. The landlady informed me that he had left the house shortly after 8 o'clock in the morning. I sat down beside the fire, however, with the intention of waiting him, no matter how long he might be. I was already deeply interested in his inquiry, for though it was surrounded by none of the grim and strange features which were associated with the crimes which I have already related, still the nature of the case and the exalted station of his client gave it a character of its own.

It was some time before the door opened and a drunken-looking groom, ill-kempt and side-whiskered, with an inclined face and disreputable clothes, walked into the room. As I was about to rise, however, he stopped and looked at me. "I was told that you were the man who had been looking for the photograph of the King and the Queen," he said. "I am sure you could never guess how I employed my morning or what I ended by doing."

"I can't imagine, I suppose that you have been watching her habits and perhaps the house of Miss Irene Adler."

"Quite so, but the sequel was rather unusual. I will tell you, however. I left the house a little after 8 o'clock this morning in the character of a groom out of work. There is a wonderful sympathy and freemasonry among horse men. One of them and you will know all that there is to know. I soon found Briony Lodge. It is a bijou villa, with a garden at the back, but built out in front right up to the road; two stories. Chubb took the door. Little sitting-room on the right, well furnished, with long windows almost to the floor, and those precious English window fasteners which a child could open. Behind there was nothing remarkable; a passage window could be reached from the top of the coach-house. I walked round it and examined it closely from every point of view, but without noting anything else of interest."

"I then lounged down the street and found, as I expected, that there was a mews in the lane which runs down by one of the garden. I lent the hostess a hand in rubbing down their horses and in exchanging the harness. As each of half-and-half, two fills of shag tobacco and as much information as I could desire about Miss Adler, to say nothing of half a dozen other people in the neighborhood, in whom was not in the least interested, but whose biographies I was compelled to listen to."

"And what of Irene Adler?" I asked.

"Oh, she has turned all the men's heads down in that part. She is the divinity thing under a bonnet in this mews. So say the Serpentine Mews, and I know all about him. He is a Mr. Godfrey Norton, of the Inner Temple. See the advantages of a cabman as a confidant. They had driven him home a dozen times from Serpentine Mews, and knew all about him. When I had listened to all that they had to tell I began to walk up and down near Briony Lodge once more, and to think over my plan of campaign."

"This Godfrey Norton was evidently an important factor in the matter. He was a lawyer. That sounded ominous. What was the relation between them, and what the object of his repeated visits? Was she his client, or merely friend? The former, he had probably transferred the photograph to his keeping. If the latter, it was less likely. On the issue of this question depended whether I should continue my work at Briony Lodge or turn my attention to the gentleman's chambers in the Temple. It was a delicate point, I felt, I widened the field of my inquiry. I fear that I bore a with these details, but I have to let you see my little hunches if you are to understand the situation."

"I am following you closely," I answered.

"I was still balancing the matter in my mind, when a hansom cab drove up to Briony Lodge, and a gentleman sprang out. He was a remarkably handsome man, dark, aquiline, and mustache—evidently the man of whom I had heard. He appeared to be in a great hurry, shouted to the cabman to wait, and brushed past the maid who opened the door, with an air of a man who was thoroughly at home."

"He was in the house about half an hour, and I could get glimpses of him in the sitting-room windows, pacing up and down, and looking out of the open door. He seemed to be in a great hurry. Presently he emerged, looking more hurried than before. As he stepped up to the cab he pulled a gold watch from his pocket and looked at it earnestly. Drive like the devil!" he shouted. "First to Gross & Hanley's in Regent Street, and then to the Church of St. Monica's in the Edgware Road. Half a guinea if you do it in twenty minutes!"

(To Be Continued.)

First Coal in America.

It is claimed that the first coal in the United States was discovered near the present site of Ottawa, Ill., on the bank of the Illinois River just above the mouth of the Fox. When French voyagers arrived here in 1674 they built a fire on a ground with several large black stones for what are called "back logs." These, to the astonishment of the men, caught fire and flamed up briskly, so that they gathered a quantity of them and used them for fuel.

This fact was recorded and the location was described in their journals, which were printed in London in 1690.

Romanya, a Gypsy Palm Reader, Explains How Fortune-Tellers "Size Up" Their Customers—Love and Business Troubles the Usual Things that Give People an Interest in the Future.

TELLING fortunes by common sense is more frequent than by palmistry, astrology, cards or thought transference, and is almost always used in combination with any one of these. The moment a subject enters the room the fortune-teller sizes him up. A clever amateur, used to observing manners and characteristics and experienced in contact with people during which he has kept his eyes systematically open, can train himself wonderfully to tell what seems a miraculous amount of information about his subject by simply observing him as he takes his place before him. It is no exaggeration to say that half the professional fortune-tellers are simply trained observers and students of human nature. What is more important, moreover, they know upon what surface indications not to rely to reveal character.

Romanya, the pretty gypsy fortune-teller, who is an all-around adept at piercing the future, although she says she herself does not depend upon personal observation of her subjects, tells how far this is important to her, and about some fortune-tellers whom she has known to whose "reading" it is an essential.

"Whenever a man comes to me," said Romanya, "I am always sure that his visit is prompted by one of two motives: Either he comes through curiosity or else he has some business worries. A man very rarely consults a fortune-teller—at least a woman fortune-teller—about love."

"When a woman comes to me, on the other hand, it is usually pretty sure to be love, or else love and business troubles. But there is almost always love somewhere connected with her coming."

"Upon those two things I can always bank—and I never knew it to fail. Any palmist, or fortune-teller of any sort, may depend upon that, and it makes a good beginning for an amateur—because the subject, man or woman, is sure to be involved either in business or love. Otherwise the subject is so peculiar that he would not consent to have his fortune told even for fun. So the parlor fortune-teller, if he is clever at all, has a good start."

"When he considers business, the amateur has a good guide in the mere appearance of the hand. The shape of the hand will indicate the temperament to the very best advantage and will be useful however he intends to tell the fortune, by palmistry or otherwise. The long hand is sure to mean the artistic temperament; the short hand shows a practical man of business. The well-kempt hand reveals daintiness and love; the other hand reveals a more practical person, and without the slightest use of muscle reading. I receive my impressions from the mind of the other person—and I can never teach any one."

"Now, beyond that," said Romanya, "I myself pay no attention to the appearance of the subject, nor to my own impressions of him. He has come. I read from there. He has the lines of the palms, without even glancing at the person, and without the slightest use of muscle reading. I receive my impressions from the mind of the other person—and I can never teach any one."

"I then lounged down the street and found, as I expected, that there was a mews in the lane which runs down by one of the garden. I lent the hostess a hand in rubbing down their horses and in exchanging the harness. As each of half-and-half, two fills of shag tobacco and as much information as I could desire about Miss Adler, to say nothing of half a dozen other people in the neighborhood, in whom was not in the least interested, but whose biographies I was compelled to listen to."

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how I do that, though I have been offered a good many hundred dollars to do so. That is a gift, and of course cannot be depended upon to be possessed by any one, though some people have it unconsciously. Every one nearly has some degree of it, and upon the degree of this faculty in the amateur depends his success in pretending at fortune-telling. If the faculty is at all developed in him, he will very often be told that it was his caution which held him back, and not lack of courage, and he will believe it.

"Let the amateur tell a man he was never born to have any one over him, but that he was intended to rule, and there isn't a masculine mind that won't begin to unbend toward the amateur and to look with indulgence upon his ability."

"Follow this up by telling him that and above all the faculty of mastering the opinions of women are all qualities which, attributed to the unsuspecting subject, will nine times out of ten appeal to him as being peculiarly true of himself, and he will consequently heed the amateur as a marvel. Oh," said Miss Knapp, "and I forgot generosity! No amateur should forget that every man whose fortune he reads is generous—sometimes over-generous."

"The amateur who tells a woman," said Romanya, "that somebody is very much in love with her; that at some time in her life there has been some man who has wanted to marry her more than all the rest; that she is attractive to men who have the depth to see the real womanliness beneath an oftentimes flippant exterior; that she feels a great deal more than most people think that she is dreamy and had a great many ideals, not all of which are shattered, though she thinks many of them are; that her promise of success is good; and that she has remarkable business ability, if only she had developed it a little more when she was younger—well," said Romanya, "that amateur will be regarded as a professional fortune teller. But it is most important of all to remember that every woman likes to be told two things, and will recognize them as peculiarly true of herself: First, that she is really domestic and would love to be a mother; and second, that she is different from other women. That last is invaluable—especially if the amateur says that she has been different ever since she was a little child."

All these things, Romanya says, may be varied to suit the case, some of them emphasized, some of them passed over, as the intelligence of the impromptu fortune-teller may suggest. Moreover, there are other general characteristics to be noted, such as the nervousness or calm of the person, his taste in dress, indicative of his general taste; a quick, shrewd look or a dead eye; a soft voice or a loud, energetic way of speaking; shyness, self-confidence, a conceited bearing, and all the little traits which one naturally notices.

He is usually observing.

"A little practice among his friends," said Romanya, "a sizing-up of people, followed by an opportunity of questioning others who know them about the accuracy of his impressions; the habit of noting little things and seeing how they almost always denote, and by what other qualities they are accompanied, will give the amateur a fair knowledge of the man."

"Now, mind," said Romanya, "I do not say that those professionals of whom I have been telling you have depended on these general guides to human nature alone to do their work. They have all had a fair knowledge of

some science or other of character-reading; but because they were clever and had trained themselves to know human nature, and to read individuals, they were able to use these general methods as tremendous aids to their real work."

With women the amateur may proceed along about the same lines, excepting that almost always he is safe in venturing into the province of love subject is most interested, no matter how earnestly she may be seeking assistance in business matters.

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"A little practice among his friends," said Romanya, "a sizing-up of people, followed by an opportunity of questioning others who know them about the accuracy of his impressions; the habit of noting little things and seeing how they almost always denote, and by what other qualities they are accompanied, will give the amateur a fair knowledge of the man."

"Now, mind," said Romanya, "I do not say that those professionals of whom I have been telling you have depended on these general guides to human nature alone to do their work. They have all had a fair knowledge of

some science or other of character-reading; but because they were clever and had trained themselves to know human nature, and to read individuals, they were able to use these general methods as tremendous aids to their real work."

With women the amateur may proceed along about the same lines, excepting that almost always he is safe in venturing into the province of love subject is most interested, no matter how earnestly she may be seeking assistance in business matters.

"The amateur who tells a woman," said Romanya, "that somebody is very much in love with her; that at some time in her life there has been some man who has wanted to marry her more than all the rest; that she is attractive to men who have the depth to see the real womanliness beneath an oftentimes flippant exterior; that she feels a great deal more than most people think that she is dreamy and had a great many ideals, not all of which are shattered, though she thinks many of them are; that her promise of success is good; and that she has remarkable business ability, if only she had developed it a little more when she was younger—well," said Romanya, "that amateur will be regarded as a professional fortune teller. But it is most important of all to remember that every woman likes to be told two things, and will recognize them as peculiarly true of herself: First, that she is really domestic and would love to be a mother; and second, that she is different from other women. That last is invaluable—especially if the amateur says that she has been different ever since she was a little child."

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